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Happy Christmas Time

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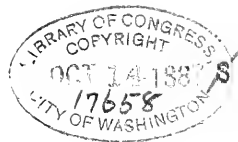
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HAPPY CHRISTMAS-TIME.

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By
Anna C. McLean



New York
Hurd & Parson,
1887

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THE sun has been watching the whole night long.

For the first faint glimmer of dawn,

And now with rapturous longing, speeds

To welcome the Christmas morn.

Stretching his arms in affection wide,

The beautiful one to embrace.

Who wears for his coming a golden smile.

While crimson flushes her face.



THE Robin wakes, and in loving haste,

Calls to the dear one true.

"O! come, my love for the sun is up,

And I've waited so long for you."

Then from the throbbing breast and throat.

A Christmas melody pours,

Whose wonderful music floats afar,

And high, in its echoing, soars.

THE golden-rod, standing, tho' old and bent,

Still close to each other have clung,

Fondly clasping their withered hands

In love, that is always young.

The gold still gleams in their scanty locks,

Tho' the snow is heaviest there,

"Together," they say. "we will greet the day,

And its blessings together share.



AND happy the sun on his pathway goes,

And happy the fond birds sing,

And the golden-rod, happy the live-long day,

Still close to each other cling.

And the Christmas time is a golden time,

For happiness reigns with all.

On high and lowly alike it beams,

Unmeasured its blessings fall.

ANNIE C. McQUEEN.

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